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This One's For You, "Dr." Amy

Dec 13th 2012

Oh "Dr." Amy,

Let us have a few words.

I know how you pounce to your computer every morning and hit refresh on my web address all day long in anticipation of my latest post. I know you pour my words all over your naked body and writhe around in them until you dream up some way, any way, no matter how irrelevant or hurtful to women, to respond in anger. I know how you spend countless hours typing out these posts hoping that you're hurting me or stopping me or having any effect on my life whatsoever.

But oh, Amy... dear, disturbed, obsessive little Amy, if I gave a single shit about you, I would feel sorry for you and however many cats you currently have. (And yeah, it's AMY – I refuse to call you "Dr." because a doula-in-training has attended more births in the last two decades than you have, and as far as anyone can tell, you never practiced past your residency, so get fucking real with that "Dr" bullshit.)

It must be so hard feeling all this hatred for me every single day and knowing that there isn't a single thing you can do to stop me from doing what I do. It must drive you insane (clearly) to be so possessed and infected with my very being. I wonder how many handkerchiefs you've wrung to shreds as you watch woman after woman being inspired by what people like me have to say. Will you ever stop poking your little Gina-shaped voodoo doll?

No, you're committed to me, I'll give you that. I'm not sure that anyone aside from my immediate family has kept up with me as well as you have over the last few years. You haven't left my side since you first discovered I was having a homebirth. It made you so very, very angry that I was doing something that had absolutely no impact on your life whatsoever. You simply couldn't stand to see a woman – A WOMAN – making a decision for herself. I know how you hate it when women *think* for themselves. I know how brainless you think we all are.

And then when I didn't "kill" my baby (as you so thoughtfully put it) I know it broke your heart into a million pieces. You were hoping so badly that my daughter would die so you could torture me with it for the rest of my life. I'm sorry that my birth was beautiful, and safe, and supported. I'm sorry that I got exactly what I wanted and needed out of that experience. Perhaps if things had gone your way, you would have left me alone by now.

But it's been nearly 3 years since you subscribed to my blog, scheduled a google alert for my name, and hired a team of people to follow me across the web 24/7/365. (*Oh, Amy, I HOPE you hired a team of*

people, because if you're doing all this stalking yourself, I bet your family hasn't seen you in years.)

For the record, "Tortures-Women-On-the-Internet-but-Once-Claims-to-have-Studied-to-be-a-Dr" Amy, I've never read a single word you've written about me. I've never visited your blog – not even once. The only reason I know you write about me once a week is because someone invariably sends me the link thinking that I give a rat's ass what some female misogynist sitting in her dirty bathrobe behind a Dell at 4 in the morning quacks on and on about.

You're right, Amy, I've only been to 20 births, and it must insult you to the very core that I've been able to gather more wisdom from those twenty births than you ever did in your four years of medical school. But, since you've tracked my every movement since 2010, you ought to know WHY I've only attended 20 births in 2.5 years. Remember, I had a baby in that time (that I didn't kill.) Then I finished my undergrad with a 3.9 GPA and was immediately accepted to begin my Master of Public Health in Maternal Child Health. And I work three jobs. But silly me! Why am I telling you this? You're probably watching me as I leave for school and work in the morning!

Either way, Amy, those 20 births are 20 more births than you've attended. An EMT has more experience stopping a hemorrhage than you do. Dear god, if a woman has to choose between you and a plumber, I'd feel safer with the union guy.

I may not have a medical degree, but I do have a heart and soul – something you're clearly lacking. And make no mistake, Amy – neither one of us is licensed to practice medicine in any state or country, so fat lotta good that 4 extra years of schooling did you. At least I am certified to teach and provide emotional support to women – something you will never be capable of.

I don't want to leave you without something you can take back to your blog and obsess over, so here's a picture of me, sitting at my dining room table, sucking on a cough drop that I took away from the baby (again! she keeps finding them in the strangest places!) I just showered off, I've got a full belly, and I'm headed out to pick up my Christmas cards from Walgreens soon. Do you need any more details? Oh no, I forgot, you'll just fabricate the rest. Have fun, Amy! Send me your address, and I'll send one of the Crosley-Corcoran holiday cards your way.

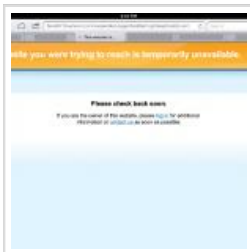


(Here's the thing – if you don't know who "Dr." Amy is, then count your blessings and resist the urge to type Beetlejuice into your search bar. Once you've performed that search, you'll come back here demanding that I give you bleach for your eyeballs. I take no responsibility if you ignore this advice. Some filth can never be unseen, that's all I'm saying.)

(UPDATE: Make no mistake, I have not granted Amy or anyone else permission to take anything from my blog and republish it on their own blog. My satirical comment about Amy going back to her blog and obsessing about my photo did NOT grant her a copyright release to use my image, and if she believes that were the case, permission is revoked and all copyrights apply. I have not and do not grant copyright releases for my work through satirical commentary. But I'll let the lawyer handle this now.)

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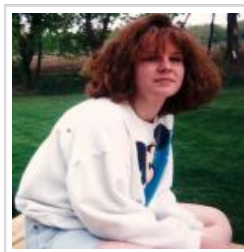
On Negotiating with Terrorist Amy



This One's For You, "Dr." Amy



And "Dr." Amy Now Owes me \$750 (or \$30,000, her choice.)



This Reminds Me of That Time in High School